PR 5187
.P2 A64

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 528 348 6

PR 5187
.P2 A64
Copy 1

PRICE 15 CENTS.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

PR5187
.P2 A64

(Number 199.)

THE

CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH.

A COMEDIETTA,

IN ONE ACT.

By J. R. PLANCHE.

[FREELY RENDERED FROM THE FRENCH PIECE, ENTITLED, "LE CHEVALIER DU GUET,' BY M. LOCKROY.]

AS PERFORMED AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, LONDON, IN 1841.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A description of the Costumes—Synopsis of the Piece—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

New-York:

ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,

No. 33 Rose Street.

NOW READY.

THE HUNCHBACK. A Play. In Five Acts. By James Sheridan Knowles. Price 15 cents.

THE TWIN SISTERS. A Comic Operetta. In One Act. By Alfred B. Sedgwick. Price 15 cents.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

☞ *Please notice that nearly all the Comedies, Farces and Comediettas in the following list of* DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS *are very suitable for representation in small Amateur Theatres and on Parlor Stages, as they need but little extrinsic aid from complicated scenery or expensive costumes. They have attained their deserved popularity by their droll situations, excellent plots, great humor and brilliant dialogues, no less than by the fact that they are the most perfect in every respect of any edition of plays ever published either in the United States or Europe, whether as regards purity of the text, accuracy and fulness of stage directions and scenery, or elegance of typography and clearness of printing.*

*** *In ordering please copy the figures at the commencement of each piece, which indicate the number of the piece in* "DE WITT'S LIST OF ACTING PLAYS."

☞ *Any of the following Plays sent, postage free, on receipt of price—**15 cents** each.*

Address, ROBERT M. DE WITT,

No. 33 Rose Street, New York.

☞ The figure following the name of the Play denotes the number of Acts. The figures in the columns indicate the number of characters—M. *male*; F. *female*.

No.		M.	F.
75.	Adrienne, drama, 3 acts	7	3
114.	Anything for a Change, comedy, 1	3	3
167.	Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts.	7	3
93.	Area Belle (The), farce, 1 act	3	2
40.	Atchi, comedietta, 1 act	3	2
89.	Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act.	3	3
192.	Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1	3	1
166.	Bardell *vs.* Pickwick, sketch, 1 act.	6	2
41.	Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act	2	3
141.	Bells (The), drama, 3 acts	9	3
67.	Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act.	7	3
36.	Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts	7	5
160.	Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts	11	6
70.	Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act	3	1
179.	Breach of Promise,, drama, 2 acts.	5	2
25.	Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta, 1	4	8
24.	Cabman, No. 93, farce, 1 act	2	2
1.	Caste, comedy, 3 acts	5	3
69.	Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act	4	1
175.	Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts.	10	5
55.	Catharine Howard, historical play, 3 acts	12	5
80.	Charming pair, farce, 1 act	4	3
65.	Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts	6	5
68.	Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3	9	3
76.	Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act.	3	2
149.	Clouds, comedy, 4 acts	8	7
121.	Comical Countess, farce, 1 act	3	1
107.	Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act	2	1
152.	Cupid's Eye-Glass, comedy, 1 act	1	1
52.	Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act	3	1
148.	Cut off with a Shilling, comedietta, 1 act	2	1
113.	Cyrill's Success, comedy, 5 acts.	10	4
199.	Captain of the Watch (The), comedietta, 1 act	4	2
20.	Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts	8	4
4.	Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act	4	2
22.	David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts.	8	3
96.	Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act,	4	3
16.	Dearer than Life, drama, 3 acts	6	5
58.	Deborah (Leah) drama, 3 acts	7	6
125.	Deerfoot, farce, 1 act	5	1
71.	Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts.	5	3
142.	Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts.	9	4

No.		M.	F.
21.	Dreams, drama, 5 acts	6	3
186.	Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts.	6	4
47.	Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act	5	2
13.	Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts.	6	5
200.	Estranged, an operetta, 1 act	2	1
103.	Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts,	9	7
9.	Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials, interlude, 1 act	4	1
128.	Female Detective, drama, 3 acts.	11	4
101.	Fernande, drama, 3 acts	11	10
99.	Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts	10	2
145.	First Love, comedy, 1 act	4	1
102.	Foiled, drama, 4 acts	9	3
88.	Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act.	4	2
74.	Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act	7	4
53.	Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act.	4	2
73.	Golden Fetter (Fettered), drama, 3	11	4
30.	Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce, 1 act	5	3
131.	Go to Putney, farce, 1 act	4	3
28.	Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act	1	1
151.	Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act	2	
8.	Henry Dunbar, drama, 4 acts	10	3
180.	Henry the Fifth, historical play, 5	38	5
19.	He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act	3	2
60.	Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts	5	5
187.	His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act	4	1
174.	Home, comedy, 3 acts	4	3
64.	Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act	1	1
190.	Hunting the Slipper, farce, 1 act	4	1
191.	High C, comedietta, 1 act	4	2
197.	Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts	14	2
18.	If I Had a Thousand a Year, farce, 1 act	4	3
116.	I'm Not Mesilf at All, original Irish stew, 1 act	3	2
129.	In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act	2	3
159.	In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act	4	2
122.	Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts	11	4
177.	I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1	4	1
100.	Jack Long, drama, 2 acts.	9	2
139.	Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts.	3	3
17.	Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts	6	4
86.	Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts	12	5
72.	Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act	4	2

THE

CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH.

A Comedietta,

IN ONE ACT.

BY J. R. PLANCHE.

[FREELY RENDERED FROM THE FRENCH PIECE, ENTITLED, "LE CHEVALIER DU GUET," BY M. LOCKROY.]

AS PERFORMED AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, LONDON, IN 1841.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

NEW YORK:
ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,
No. 33 ROSE STREET.
(BETWEEN DUANE AND FRANKFORT STREETS.)

COPYRIGHT, 1876, BY ROBERT M. DE WITT.

PR 5187
.T2 A64

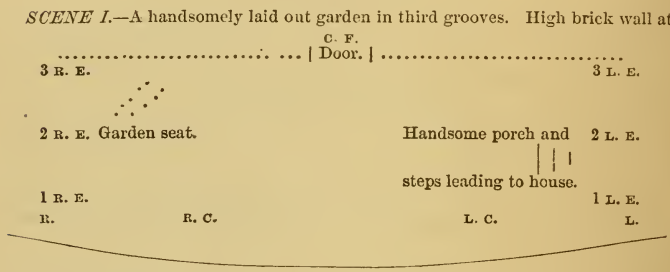
CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Covent Garden, London, 1841.	*Olympic, New York*, 1843.	*Wallack's, New York, March* 28, 1876.
Viscount de Ligny	Mr. C. Mathews.	Mr. Walcot.	Mr. Lester Wallack.
Baron Vanderpotter	Mr. Bartley.	Mr. Nickinson.	Mr. John Gilbert.
Adolf de Courtray	Mr. James Vining.	Mr. Clarke.	Mr. E. M. Holland.
Officer of the Watch	Mr. Collett.	Mr. Barnett.	Mr. J. Peck.
Louis	Mr. Ireland.	Mr. Bleecker.	
Pierre	Mr. Gardiner.	Mr. Rae.	
Guards	Mr. Birt. / Mr. Butler.	Mr. Rosenthal. / Mr. McKean.	
Kristina	Mrs. Walter Lacy.	Mrs. Mossop.	Miss Geraldine Maye.
Katryn	Mrs. Humby.	Mrs. Timm.	Miss Effie Germon.

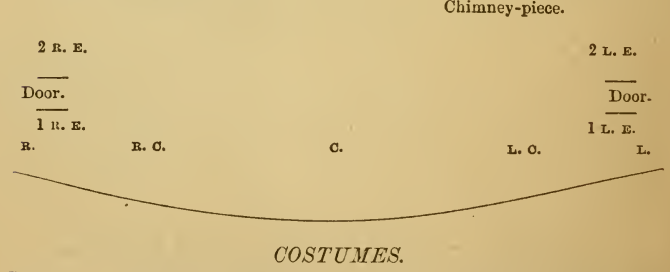
TIME IN REPRESENTATION—ONE HOUR AND TEN MINUTES.

SCENERY.

SCENE I.—A handsomely laid out garden in third grooves. High brick wall at back with practicable door in C. A rustic seat between 2 R. E. and 3 R. E., about R. C., on which are placed two battledores and one shuttlecock; between 1 L E. and 2 L. E. stone steps, practicable, leading into a stately porch.



SCENE II.—A front chamber. On the L. a chimney-piece; on the R. a door leading to Kristina's apartment. In F. a door opening on a gallery; in R. C. F. a door; another door to the L., either in first or upper entrance.



COSTUMES.

Captain of the Watch.—Drab jacket and trunks; slouched hat, turned up at the side, with feather; white neckcloth; sash and sword; large black boots; and gauntlets.

BARON.—Square-cut brown coat with loose sleeves, trimmed with black; full trunks; high riding boots; hat and feather; baldric and sword.

ADOLF.—Square-cut red coat; full trunks; white neckcloth; hat and feather; baldric and sword; high boots.

OFFICER.—Same style as CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH, but plainer.

LOUIS *and* PIERRE.—Old-fashioned liveries of the period.

OFFICERS.—Flemish uniforms.

KRISTINA.—White satin dress, with red over-train; white satin shoes, and powdered hair.

KATRYN.—Tucked-up old-fashioned chambermaid's dress, and high-heeled shoes.

PROPERTIES.

Two battledores and one shuttlecock; candlestick and lighted candle for KATRINA, in Scene II.; candlestick and lighted candle for BARON, in Scene II.; pistol for BARON in Scene II.; decanter of wine, two wine-glasses, and plate of wine biscuits; dispatch for CAPTAIN; official report for OFFICER.

SYNOPSIS.

THE incidents of this ever-popular piece take place in Brussels, about the era of the French regency—corresponding very nearly in extravagant and fanciful intrigues with that of the Merry Monarch in England. It is necessary to point to this fact in order to fully realize the likelihood of the strange tangle of events that serve to draw out the cool daring and bland nonchalance of the principal figure. Now to our story. KRISTINA, the lovely niece of the old BARON VANDERPOTTER, has secretly pledged her troth to the handsome, brave, but impetuous ADOLF DE COURTRAY, an officer of the Walloon Guards; but, as usual, the course of true love doesn't run smooth. The BARON is averse to the match, although he has never seen ADOLF. It is approaching sunset, and KRISTINA is amusing herself in the garden, which is enclosed in pretty high walls. Her maid, KATRYN, taking up a battledore from a garden seat, knocks the shuttlecock over the enclosure, and telling her young mistress that she had better run out for it, or "we shall lose it." "No, you won't; here it is!" is the response, and looking up they see ADOLF mounted on the crest of the wall with it in his hand. In spite of KRISTINA'S warning, he leaps down into the garden. He explains that he had heard, at his quarters in Louvain, that the BARON was about to sell his house and remove he (ADOLF) knew not where. So he leaped into the saddle, rode like the wind, his horse falling exhausted under him; hastened to their house, and met the confirmation of his direst fears, in the shape of a bill: "*This house to be sold, and immediate possession.*" At the moment the shuttlecock flew over the wall, and struck him on the nose. KRISTINA expostulates with him—that his rashness will incense his colonel, and get him into serious trouble. He replies that he is already in trouble, and that his superior has threatened to have a description of him sent to the Captain of the Watch, and have him dragged to jail, and exposed to the whole city. KRISTINA begs of ADOLF to go—saying that his imprudence will break off the match, if her uncle returns and finds him there—and she runs into the house. ADOLF then tells KATRYN that he *must* see KRISTINA, as his regiment is ordered to the frontier, and he may never see her again. KATRYN then tells him she will arrange it, so that if he comes after nine—when the BARON has gone to play his favorite game with the Governor—she will leave the garden gate open, and he can come in. Just then the gate opens, and VISCOUNT DE LIGNY, Captain of the Watch of the City of Brussels, enters. ADOLF is not at all pleased at the interruption—not half liking the CAPTAIN'S elegant appearance and easy, gentlemanly manners. The CAPTAIN accounts for his presence by saying that he wished to inquire about the house. KATRYN withdraws into the house, after telling ADOLF that unless he leaves the garden the door will be locked at nine o'clock. ADOLF hints that he is

not satisfied with the CAPTAIN's explanation; when the latter asks him if he will please explain what *he* is doing in the garden. This nonplusses the young lover. The CAPTAIN naively informs ADOLF that whenever he gives explanations he always *invents* them. At length ADOLF leaves, satisfied that the CAPTAIN's reasons for being there are honorable. And the CAPTAIN is about to leave "to meet the Marchioness," when KATRYN runs in to say that the BARON is coming; but the officer says he can't wait, and goes off, muttering that he will surprise "the dear Marchioness." KATRYN locks the door after him; then instantly unlocks it again. and the garden is left tenantless as the darkness increases. Suddenly the CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH noiselessly enters. He laughs quietly at the droll idea of the narrow escape he had just had of being arrested by his own soldiers; and determines to lie perdu until the hunt is over. The BARON comes in, expressing his astonishment that KATRYN had left the door unlocked. Groping around in the dark, the CAPTAIN bumps up against the BARON. They draw their swords; but the very darkness prevents their using them. The BARON demands an explanation as to the meaning of the other's presence in his garden. To which request the CAPTAIN responds by narrating a tissue of the most astounding Munchausenisms that a fertile brain ever imagined; the basis of the story being that he had slain the seducer of his sister, and was fleeing from retribution. The BARON believes him, and offers him refuge till the hue and cry is over. Then follow scenes of the rarest comedy—curious complexities and combinations. ADOLF comes into the garden, and in the dark the BARON, mistaking him for the CAPTAIN, leads him into the house and conceals him; while KATRYN, taking the CAPTAIN for ADOLF, leads him to see her lady. The unweaving of this tangled web is as full of laughable interest as the weaving of it; and the piece ends with the BARON giving his consent to the union of KRISTINA and ADOLF; while the CAPTAIN gives the BARON to understand that he will favor his suit with "the dear Marchioness."

GENERAL REMARKS.

The Captain of the Watch is never produced with even a cast of medium ability without giving satisfaction; but with performers of talent in all the characters it keeps an audience in a state of merry effervescence from the first line to the last. The plot is at once simple and ingenious; the situations are exceedingly droll, yet never unlikely; the characters nicely discriminated, and cleverly contrasted, and the winding up very prettily managed. The character of the VISCOUNT DE LIGNY (the Captain of the Watch) has always been a favorite one with the leading light comedians during the past thirty years; while BARON VANDERPOTTER has been personated successfully by the best "old men" on the boards. Many of the finest amateur companies have also often performed this piece very acceptably. Although, as we have said, this charming comedietta has been very often played, and frequently by companies of undeniable merit—including in their ranks such performers as appear in the various casts which precede this—yet we are convinced that it has never been produced with greater perfection in all respects than at "Wallack's" Theatre, New York, during the season of 1875-6. Mr. JOHN GILBERT as the BARON VANDERPOTTER was inimitable as the irritable, fussy, passionate, yet good-hearted and honorable old nobleman; Mr. E. M. HOLLAND presented in a very pleasing style the ardent and accomplished cavalier, ADOLF DE COURTRAY—brimful of love, and martial fire, and courtesy; while LESTER WALLACK graced the stage by his presence as *le beau sabreur*, the Captain of the Watch—the type of the gay gallant of the gayest and most gallant epoch of the world's history—equally ready for offence or defence with tongue and sword; and "thus he plays his part." KRISTINA found a charming representative in Miss GERALDINE MAYE, and the plump, pretty, dimpled, roguish-looking EFFIE GERMON appeared born on purpose to personate the mischievous KATRYN. In costume, scenery, and all other appointments the piece was produced faultlessly at Wallack's.

THE

CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH.

SCENE I.—*A garden.—At the back, a wall with a small door in it.—A seat, on which are two battledores and a shuttlecock.*

Enter KRISTINA, L., *and* KATRYN, R., *meeting.*

KRIST. Well, Katryn, has my uncle gone out?

KAT. No, he has changed his mind. He says it's too late to go out this evening.

KRIST. Which means, that he would rather stay at Brussels, and play at primero with the Governor; he is as fond of that game——

KAT. As we are of this. (*taking one of the battledores*) Will you play, mamselle?

KRIST. No, I'm tired of it.

KAT. Which means, that you have found some more agreeable occupation.

KRIST. Hold your tongue, Katryn. I know what you were going to say; and you know I have forbidden you to speak of him.

KAT Oh, certainly, mamselle—I'm dumb.

KRIST. Give me a battledore—I will play.

KAT. There, mamselle!

KRIST. Poor young man! I shall never see him again.

KAT. *I* didn't mention him *then*, mamselle.

KRIST. No—no, Katryn—I know you didn't—and I didn't mean—but I was thinking of something else—and so—and so—(*playing with the shuttlecock by herself, she knocks it over the wall—an exclamation is heard without*) Oh, mercy, Katryn! I've sent the shuttlecock over the wall; and I do believe it has fallen on somebody's head.

KAT. Shall I run out for it, mamselle?

KRIST. Oh, no, no——

KAT. But then we shall lose it!

ADOLF *appearing on the wall with the shuttlecock in his hand.*

ADOLF. No you won't; here it is.

KRIST. Adolf——

KAT. The very man.

KRIST. Get down, directly.

ADOLF. Certainly. (*preparing to jump.*)

KRIST. No, no, no, not on this side. (*he stands up*) Oh, dear! oh, dear! if you should be seen.

KAT. Don't stand there, at any rate.

ADOLF. I won't. (*jumps into the garden*)

KRIST There, now! that's your doing, Katryn. What will become of me!

KAT. Would you have had the young man stick on the wall like a broken glass bottle? (*opens door.*)

ADOLF. Pardon me, dearest Kristina, I am half distracted; I heard that your uncle was about to sell this house, and remove no one knew whither. Immediately on the receipt of this intelligence, I left Louvain, galloped hither like a madman—my horse fell dead as I entered the city——

KRIST. Poor Adolf!

KAT. Poor horse, you mean.

ADOLF. On arriving here, I saw a horrid board stuck against the gate, confirming the news of your intended removal: "*This house to be sold, with immediate possession.*" The door was fastened—you might have already departed—I was in a paroxysm of despair, when this precious shuttlecock, like a descending angel, came pat on my nose, and announced the presence of my beloved.

KAT. Affecting incident!

KRIST. Distressing situation. If my uncle—if your colonel——

ADOLF. Oh, my colonel and I are at daggers-drawn already. My repeated visits, private and without leave, have been made known to him. He has threatened me with all sorts of punishment—vowed to send a description of me to the Captain of the Watch, and have me dragged to jail here, and exposed to the whole city. You may not believe it, but I am at this moment actually under arrest at Louvain.

KRIST. Would to goodness you were. This imprudence will ruin everything. You know the express condition on which my uncle promised his consent was, that we should neither meet nor correspond until he had received a satisfactory account of you from the friends he had commissioned to make inquiries as to your family prospects. Should he discover that you have broken that condition not only once, but twenty times——

ADOLF. Tell me only, then——

KRIST. I will tell you nothing here—begone this moment! Katryn shall write to you.

KAT. Yes! yes, sir, I'll write to you; but go now directly.

ADOLF. But that won't do, because——

KAT. It must do, and you must go.

ADOLF (*to* KRISTINA). But hear me——

KRIST. I will hear nothing. Cruel Adolf, you want my uncle to see you, and break off the match, you do.

ADOLF. But one word——

KRIST. Not a syllable. Nay, if you won't go, I must. (*runs out.*)

ADOLF. Kristina! It is most important. Katryn, what must I do?

KAT. Don't I keep telling you, sir, you must go directly? There's the door open for you, sir; run as fast as you can, and I'll write as soon as I know——

ADOLF. Write! write! but you won't hear what I have to say; I can't tell you where to write to me.

KAT. How?

ADOLF. My regiment is under orders for the frontier; we may march to-morrow morning—deuce knows where.

KAT. Oh, mercy! and you never told my mistress!

ADOLF. How could I? she wouldn't stay to hear. It doesn't signify;

war is about to be declared—we shall soon be in action, and I will take good care to get killed in the very first charge.

KAT. You wouldn't be so foolish.

ADOLF. I will, as sure as fate, and you may tell her so; if she doesn't grant me ten minutes' interview to arrange some plan for our future correspondence, I'll stake myself on the pikes of the enemy the very first opportunity.

KAT. Well, well, let me see if I can manage it; the Baron will go out about nine to play his favorite game of primero with the Governor—now, if I should leave this door unfastened about half-past nine——

The CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH *appears at the gate*, c.

ADOLF. My guardian genius! Do that, and—who's this man? and what does he want here?

KAT. It's nobody we know. He's only reading the board over the wall.

ADOLF. He's coming in, confound him—if he should know me!

KAT. Then vanish directly.

CAPTAIN (*entering, and stopping* ADOLF *as he is about to pass him*). I beg your pardon, are you the owner of this house?

ADOLF. Owner, sir? No, sir.

CAPT. Oh! merely like myself, perhaps, attracted by the notice of sale.

ADOLF. Exactly so, sir. Good day, sir.

CAPT. May I ask if you have bought it, sir?

ADOLF. Bought it, sir? No—I—(*aside*) He's a devilish cool sort of fellow; I don't half like leaving him here.

CAPT. But do you mean to buy it, or have you decided on the contrary? because I would not interfere——

ADOLF. Oh! sir, you are perfectly welcome to——

KAT. (*aside to* ADOLF). Why don't you go at once? I'll answer this gentleman.

ADOLF (*aside*). Go—umph! Suppose she does know this gentleman, and suppose this gentleman knows Kristina, and makes that cursed notice an excuse——

CAPT. It's a pretty looking place; could one see the interior of the building?

ADOLF (*aside*) Confound his impudence!

KAT. It's rather late, sir, but—(*aside. to* ADOLF) Why don't you go?

ADOLF. I won't stir from this spot till he leaves it!

KAT. What's the matter now?

ADOLF. He has come to see Kristina, and you know it!

KAT. For shame, for shame! I shall go and fetch the Baron, and see if that will make you decamp. (*to* CAPTAIN) I will tell my master, sir, you wish to speak with him.

CAPT. Oh, pray do not disturb him; unless, indeed, this gentleman desires an interview.

ADOLF. Who, I? by no means.

KAT. I must tell my master, sir. (*aside to* ADOLF) If you are not gone before I return, no door open at half-past nine, mind you.

[*Exit*, R.

ADOLF. I care not.

CAPT. (*aside*. There seems some little mystery here. (*aloud*) Sir, as I said before, I would not, for worlds, interfere; and as you seem to have some understanding about the house with that pretty little person, I withdraw from all competition; the property is yours, sir.

ADOLF. Indeed, sir! It's my belief, sir, that you did not intend to buy it at all, sir.

CAPT. To be frank with you—no more than you did, sir!

ADOLF. Upon my honor! a damned cool fellow. Then, sir, may I ask what business you have here, sir?

CAPT. Have a care; I may chance to put the same question to you.

ADOLF. Confound his assurance! (*aloud*) Sir, if I am compelled to justify my right to interrogate you, I will do so, on condition that, with equal good faith, you declare, on your part——

CAPT. Stay, stay! Suffer me to advise, as well as to inform you, never make a confidant of a person you do not know——

ADOLF. But, 'sdeath, sir! I insist on knowing——

CAPT. Hear me out—I had a foolish habit myself, of explaining my motives to any person who considered himself privileged to ask, and once on a time I unfortunately stumbled on the actual husband of a party concerned, and received a thrust in my left shoulder that laid me up for six months—I feel it still in frosty weather; from that moment, sir, I made up my mind, and whenever I am *compelled* to confess, I always *invent* the confession!

ADOLF. Invent!

CAPT. Invent! And now, sir, after this candid acknowledgment, if you think you should be any the wiser, I am ready to begin with you, story for story.

ADOLF. Upon my soul, I cannot help laughing.

CAPT. It's the best thing, depend upon it. I have been laughing some time, internally, at this rencontre; and as I am really innocent of any intention to cross or annoy you in any way whatever, I will voluntarily make amends for my *mal-apropos* intrusion, by loitering out the remaining ten minutes I must wait, in some other part of the neighborhood.

ADOLF. Sir, I am ashamed of my suspicions, and will not be outdone in courtesy. Pray remain, if it suits your convenience; I will retire, as, indeed, I am bound to do.

CAPT. Nay, I entreat——

ADOLF. And I insist. Good evening to you, sir. [*Exit at gate.*

CAPT. Humph! Now, if I really troubled myself about my neighbors' affairs as much as, being Captain of the Watch, it is my duty to do, I should make some very particular inquiries concerning that young gentleman. He is not a resident of this city; at least, I do not recognize his face, but, positively, it goes against my conscience, when I come out gallivanting myself, to spoil the sport of a brother sinner, in my capacity of Custos Morum. No, no. Let him steer clear of my myrmidons, and he has nothing to fear from their commander. (*clock strikes nine*) Nine o'clock, by Jove! Now for my appointment with the Marchioness. (*going.*)

Enter KATRYN, R.

KAT. Sir, sir! my master is coming.

CAPT. Pray make my excuses to your master; I can't stay another moment; I'll call again to-morrow. [*Exit at gate.*

KAT. Well, I'm sure! The other's gone too, however, that's one comfort.

Enter BARON, R.

BARON. Now, where is this gentleman?

KAT. He is gone, sir.

BAR. Gone!

KAT. Couldn't wait any longer. He'll call again to-morrow.

BAR. Oh, very well, very well; so much the better. It's too late now to see the grounds to advantage. Past nine, getting dark fast; I must be off, too. (*calling*) Kristina! I'm going, Kristina!

Enter KRISTINA, R.

KRIST. You *will* go, then, uncle?

BAR. To the Governor, for an hour or so; I shall not be late. (*aside*) The dear Marchioness! How agreeably surprised she will be; she thinks me miles away in the country. (*aloud*) Good night, Kristina; you may be gone to bed, perhaps, before I return. Katryn, lock this door after me; I have got my own key. You need not sit up for me. And mind, if anybody should call about the house after I go out, don't let them in; tell them to come to-morrow.

KRIST. You are still, then, determined to part with it?

BAR. Certainly; I don't like the neighborhood.

KAT. But where do you think of moving to, sir?

BAR. I don't know, I haven't yet made up my mind. (*aside*) The Marchioness talks of Bruges; perhaps she'll tell me to-night, and then—(*aloud*) Good night, Kristina. Lock the door after me, Katryn, there's a good girl. [*Exit*, C.

KAT. Yes, sir; certainly, sir, (*locks gate*) and unlock it again directly. (*unlocks it.—It grows gradually dark during the following dialogue.*)

KRIST. Katryn, what are you doing? You don't mean to leave the gate unlocked?

KAT. Oh! just as you please, mamselle; only I thought you had an objection to Lieutenant Adolf getting over the wall.

KRIST. Of course I have; the greatest.

KAT. Well, then, if I leave the gate open, there will be no occasion for his doing so.

KRIST. Katryn! Katryn! you will make me very angry with you. Have I not told you distinctly that I will not permit his clandestine visits?

KAT. Certainly, mamselle, twenty times at least, and have been much obliged to me for paying no attention to you; but as you seem particularly in earnest this evening, I suppose I am to obey you; and therefore, I will lock the door, and tell the gardener to let loose the great dog; and then you can go to bed with the comfortable assurance that you will never see or hear of Lieutenant Adolf again.

KRIST. What do you mean, Katryn?

KAT. I mean, that the poor young gentleman's regiment is under marching orders, and that if you do not grant him an interview to-night, he has sworn a horrible oath, either to blow his brains out himself, or get the enemy to do it for him the very first opportunity.

KRIST. Under marching orders?

KAT. They move to-morrow; Fate knows where. (*noise without, back of* F.)

KRIST. Hark! What noise is that?

KAT. Some disturbance at the end of the street. (*runs to door*) I can see the lights of the town watch in the distance.

KRIST. A drunken quarrel, no doubt; let us go into the house, Katryn.

KAT. And lock the gate, mamselle?

KRIST. No; if the watch are close at hand, there can be no danger; and it might drive poor Adolf——

KAT. To climb over the wall again ; so we'll leave the gate on the latch for the present.

KRIST. I am going to my own room, Katryn.

KAT. And I to tell the gardener not to let loose the great dog till master comes home again. [*Exeunt separately.—Noise again, nearer.*

The door is opened suddenly, and the CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH *enters.*

CAPT. Lucky chance, a gate on the latch; 'sdeath, if they had caught me! The Captain of the Watch arrested *by* the watch ; a pleasant anecdote for the gossips of Brussels. Ha! ha! I can't help laughing at the notion myself, upon my soul. It was almost a pity to spoil so good a joke. But then, my office, and what's more, my salary, would be in jeopardy. Besides, the fair Marchioness! my capture might have compromised her. Who the deuce is my rival, I wonder? I should like to know the gentleman whose unexpected visit compelled me, for the lady's sake, to risk my neck by jumping from a second floor window, and my reputation, by a scuffle with my own unconscious satellites. Is he a young man whose impetuous spirit she dreads, or an old one, whose wealthy purse she has designs on! I suspect the *latter*, by some hints she dropped. Young or old, however, whoever he is, his arrival was confounded mal-apropos. How the plague am I to get home without discovery? my fellows are on the *qui vive* at both ends of the street. I must take my chance of lying close here till they give up the chase.

The BARON *opens the garden gate and enters, unheard by* CAPTAIN.

BAR. (*aside, as he enters*). How's this? the gate on the latch? That careless Katryn, when I particularly ordered her to lock it after me! She shall hear of this, and soundly ; I am just in the temper to fall foul of anybody. The Marchioness ill—gone to bed—not to be seen—provoking!

CAPT. (*aside*). Where can I have got to? The night is so dark, and I was so confoundedly hard pressed, that I'll be hanged if I know even the street. There are trees here; it must be some garden to a detached house. (*feeling about.*)

BAR. (*aside*). Eh! Don't I hear somebody moving about? (*advances and runs against* CAPTAIN) Hullo! Who's there?

CAPT. (*aside*). Zounds!

BAR. Who's there? Speak, or I'll run you through the body.

CAPT. (*aside, and drawing*). The devil you will! (*aloud*) Don't be alarmed, it's only a friend.

BAR A friend! What friend? Whose friend?

CAPT. Everybody's, a friend of the human race. Don't make a noise.

BAR. Don't make a noise! I will make a noise, if you don't immediately declare——

CAPT. I declare I won't do anything, if you make a disturbance. I give you fair notice that my sword is drawn, and you may run against it in the dark. Just let me find the way out, and——

BAR Out, sir! you don't budge a foot till I know who you are, and what business you have in my garden at this hour!

CAPT. In *your* garden? Adzooks! the master of the house! Ten thousand pardons, whoever you are, and accept my most grateful thanks for the protection your hospitable walls have afforded me.

BAR. Confound your politeness, sir! Answer my question, or I'll call the watch; they are in the street

CAPT. Don't think of such a thing, sir. On the contrary, as you are

the master of this place, I trust to be still further indebted to your generosity.

Bar Confound your impudence, sir! answer me directly, what seek you here!

Capt. An asylum. I am the victim of circumstances. (*aside*) I must say something, but I'll be hanged if I know what. (*aloud*) Listen, sir, and I will confide to you the fatal secret. That is, as soon as my agitation will permit, (*aside*) and I can think of one that will do.

Bar. Proceed, or I'll call the watch.

Capt. Sir, I beseech you to be calm—I have the strongest reasons for wishing to remain concealed.

Bar. I've no doubt.

Capt. Hear me, sir. I presume I am speaking to a man of honor.

Bar. I should be glad to presume as much on my part.

Capt. You shall be satisfied instantly. I am the youngest branch of an ancient Flemish family—my name is—(*aside*) Plague take me if I can think of a name!

Bar. Well, well.

Capt. But may I depend upon your secresy?

Bar. If you tell me directly, not else.

Capt. Well, then, my name is Cæsar de Cortenberg.

Bar. De Cortenberg!

Capt. Yes, sir. I am the last of that noble house; left alone in the world, I lived on my patrimonial estate near Tournay, retired from the world, occupied only with the care of my garden, cultivating tulips.

Bar. Rot your tulips! Tell me at once, what brought you here.

Capt. I am coming to that, sir, immediately. A letter, a fatal letter, reached me, sir, in that peaceful paradise, from my sister.

Bar. Your sister! you said you were the last of your family—left alone in the world.

Capt. (*aside*). Did I? (*aloud*) So I did, sir, and so I am, sir—the last male. My sister, sir, my only sister, had taken the veil in the Ursuline Convent, at St. Omer's, so that I was, you see, left alone in the world.

Bar. Well, well, go on.

Capt. Pardon me, sir, my emotion overcomes me. (*aside*) I am at a dead lock, I declare! (*aloud*) Where was I?

Bar. You had a letter from your sister.

Capt Ah, yes! That letter! that horrible letter! A wretch—a monster in the human shape—an infamous seducer, whose name, respect for his noble family compels me to suppress, even to you, my benefactor. This villain, sir, had lured my unfortunate sister from her pious retreat, had carried her off to this city, and then deserted her—left her to perish—Oh, sir! allow my silent tears to flow unchecked.

Bar. Poor young man, poor young man! this is indeed a sad story.

Capt. I felt assured you would sympathise with me.

Bar. I do, I do; but I am still anxious to know——

Capt. How I came into your garden, sir—of course—it is but natural you should be—I am coming to that, sir. On the receipt of this dreadful information, sir, I immediately set off for Brussels; I arrived here this evening, and went straight to the house in which my unhappy sister had found a temporary refuge—having obtained entrance, I proceeded up stairs to her chamber—the door was fastened—I heard a stifled cry for help—I recognized my sister's voice—I knocked frantically at the door—nobody opened it!

Bar. But you burst it open, of course?

Capt. Instantly! (*aside*) 'Gad, he helps me out! (*aloud*) With one

blow of my foot, and rushing in—I saw! Oh, horror!—What do you think I saw, sir?

BAR. Your sister in the power of some ruffian!

CAPT. Exactly so! (*aside*) As well that as anything else! (*aloud*) It was he, the infamous destroyer of her honor; who, fearful of exposure, threatened her with death if she did not sign a paper acquitting him of all knowledge of her flight.

BAR. The villain! I should have run him through the body on the spot

CAPT. Noble-minded man! you but anticipate my words—one thrust, and he lay a bleeding corpse at my feet—my sister rushed shrieking from the apartment—I followed—found myself in the street——

BAR. And then, the watch, I suppose——

CAPT. Yes, the watch, alarmed by the cry of murder, came running to the spot—I fled—they pursued. In a strange city, not knowing whither to bend my steps, I took the first turnings that presented themselves, entered this street, found a gate unfastened—and now, sir, having made this candid confession, having thrown myself upon your honor and generosity, deliver me, if you please, into the hands of justice, for having, perhaps, too rashly taken upon myself to avenge the ruin of a sister, and the dishonor of a noble family! (*aside*) Phew!

BAR. No, no! young man, you shall not repent your confidence. I have been deeply moved by your story—I pity you sincerely; and will show my sympathy in more than words—my house shall be your home while you need such an asylum.

CAPT. Generous man!

BAR. I must talk to the Governor on this business. There is considerable blame to be attached to the police—they should have been cognizant of the arrival of two strangers in this city—should have discovered immediately the situation of the parties, and rescued your sister from the grasp of a villain. If I knew the Captain of the Watch I should tell him to his head he had been guilty of gross negligence; as it is, I shall speak to the Governor, and have him reprimanded—perhaps displaced.

CAPT. How very kind!

BAR. Wait here a moment. I will just reconnoitre in-doors—take good heart—time works wonders—your sister may return to the convent—her name is——

CAPT. Louise De Valkenberg.

BAR. De Valkenberg? you said De Cortenberg!

CAPT. Yes! De Cortenberg de Valkenberg, etc., etc., etc.

BAR. Ah! I see! Well, just wait here, as I said, one moment, while I see if the coast be clear. (*aside*) We can't trust women with such secrets. (*aloud*) Don't move from that spot, I'll be back directly.

[*Exit, cautiously*, R.

CAPT. Egad! the old boy swallows my story capitally. I may as well pass the night here, now, as anywhere else, and to-morrow morning, what shall I say at home? Why, give out, of course, that I spent the hours in watching over the safety of the sleeping inhabitants! A footstep! He returns.

Enter KATRYN, R.

KAT. (*in a whisper*). Are you there?

CAPT. (*in the same tone*). Yes!

KAT. Give me your hand; I'll lead you.

CAPT. (*aside*). A woman! the gentleman's wife, perhaps. There never was such hospitality! [*Exit cautiously with* KATRYN, R.

ADOLF *opens gate*, C.

ADOLF (*entering*). All right, the gate is open! I trembled lest they should have given me up, and closed it for the night; the confounded watch would not let me pass till I assured them I lived in the street.

Re-enter BARON, R.

BAR. (*in a whisper*). Where are you?

ADOLF. Here.

BAR. Stop a minute, till I lock the gate; the women are gone to bed. Don't make a noise. I wouldn't have them know anything of the matter. (*locks the gate.*)

ADOLF (*aside*). Confusion! it's the Baron! What shall I do!

BAR. Now follow me!

ADOLF (*aside*). And he has locked the gate, too! No way to escape.

BAR. Well, why don't you come? Here, give me your hand; I'll lead you.

ADOLF (*aside*). 'Sdeath! I'm caught!

BAR. Don't be afraid. it's all even ground; I'll tell you when you come to the steps. This way—not a word.

ADOLF (*aside*). Who the deuce does he take me for?

BAR. This way; softly, softly. (*leads him out.*)

SCENE II.—*A front chamber.—On the* L *a chimney piece—on the* R. *a door leading to* KRISTINA'S *apartment In* F. *a door opening on a gallery—another door to the* L, *either in first or upper entrance.*

Enter, from her own room, KRISTINA, *with a lighted candle, which she places on the table.*

KRIST. He must have arrived. How my heart beats! I am doing very wrong in receiving him here. But what can I do? The thought of losing him forever!—besides, nobody can say that I encouraged him, or made the appointment; that was Katryn's doing, dear girl; she is so devoted to me; I must get my uncle to raise her wages.

Enter KATRYN, L.

KAT. Here he comes, mamselle.

KRIST. Oh, mercy, Katryn! where is he?

KAT. On the stairs, in the dark. I stepped before him, to give you notice. Poor young man! he is in such a fever of impatience. In his agitation he positively squeezed my hand as if it had been yours!

KRIST. Katryn!

KAT. Oh, he couldn't help it, I felt he couldn't! And when I whispered to him, that I would do anything to serve you both, he was so grateful that he kissed me over and over again!

KRIST. Katryn! I really think he might have helped that!

KAT. No, he couldn't! he was quite overcome, and so was I almost. Poor young fellow, he *is* a lover! But there's no time to lose. May he come in, mamselle?

KRIST. Why, as he has ventured so far—but it's very wrong, Katryn——

KAT. To keep him so long in the dark—so it is, mamselle. (*re-opens the door,* L.) Sir! sir! come in, here's my lady!

Enter CAPTAIN, L.

CAPT. I'm quite ashamed of giving you all this trouble.

KAT. *and* KRIST. (*seeing him*). Ah!

CAPT. What's the matter?

KAT. Oh, mercy! Oh, dear!

KRIST. Katryn! What have you done?

KAT. Oh, I don't know! Somebody's changed him!

CAPT. Pray, ladies, don't be alarmed; if I intrude——

KAT. (*aside*). It's the very gentleman who came about the house this evening.

CAPT. I beg a thousand pardons—but after the kindness with which I was received by your husband, madam——

KRIST. Husband!

CAPT. Or your father—or your grandfather—for really, I——

KAT. Sir, my lady has neither husband, father, or grandfather; but we are not alone in the house, sir—there are servants, sir—and a man servant and a gardener within call, sir—and a great dog.

CAPT. (*aside*). What can this mean? (*aloud*) Did you not expect any one, then?

KAT. Yes, certainly; but not you.

CAPT. Indeed! By what mistake, then—pray do not be alarmed—upon my honor, you have no occasion—only just tell me; were you not sent into the garden to fetch me?

KAT. Not to fetch you, I tell you!

CAPT. How could I tell? I heard somebody whisper, "are you there?"

KAT. And you answered, "yes."

CAPT. Why, I couldn't say "no," could I? (*to* KRISTINA) It seems, then, madam, you had not heard of my unhappy story—of my unfortunate sister? (*putting his hat down on a chair.*)

KAT. Not a word, and don't wish. Go out of the house directly.

CAPT. Your pardon, one moment. I begin to perceive, and for the first time, know where I am. I recognize your pretty face, my dear, and presume that I have, a second time, unintentionally interrupted a tender interview. I am most truly sorry, I can assure you, madam; but indeed it was not my fault. (*aside*) What a lovely person! 'Gad, this adventure is getting more and more interesting.

KRIST. Sir, I accept your apologies, and am willing to believe it was by mistake. Katryn, light the gentleman down stairs.

KAT. Yes, mamselle. This way, sir!

CAPT. (*not moving*). You are very kind.

KAT. Here's your hat, sir.

CAPT. (*not taking it*). You are very kind.

KAT. Well, but take it, then, and go.

CAPT. To oblige you, I would do almost anything, but this is impossible.

KAT *and* KRIST. Impossible!

KAT. What do you mean?

CAPT. I mean, that I must stay here till morning; I have promised the gentleman, whoever he may be——

KAT. The gentleman! What gentleman?

CAPT. I don't know. You say the lady has no husband, or father, or grandfather. But it was somebody who found me in the garden.

KRIST. Oh, Katryn, if it should be Adolf!
KAT. Or your uncle!
KRIST. In either case, there will be murder. } (*aside to each other.*)

KAT. Oh, sir! Was it a young gentleman or an old gentleman?

CAPT. Upon my honor, I can't say! but I should fancy the latter; evidently the master of the house.

KAT. Then it was your uncle, and we are all ruined!

CAPT. (*aside*). Oh, there's an *uncle* then!

KRIST. If he has seen Adolf!

CAPT. Adolf! Ah! that must be the young gentleman whose place I have taken.

KAT. There's somebody coming up stairs.

KRIST. What will become of us!

KAT. It's the Baron, and somebody with him——

CAPT. Whom he has taken, no doubt, for me. The most amusing adventure!

KAT. Amusing! We shall be murdered, I tell you!

CAPT. Nonsense! Let us hide and listen. I'll go in here.

KRIST. No, no, sir! that's my room.

CAPT. So much the better, no one will think of looking for *me* in it! (*runs in*, L.)

KRIST. I am lost! Oh, Katryn! this is your doing.

KAT. It can't be helped now. They are coming! Hush! Hush! (KATRYN *blows out the candle—they hide themselves.*)

Enter the BARON, *feeling his way, and leading* ADOLF.

BAR. (*as he enters*). One step at the door; there, now we're all right again, and now I'll lock this door and then you are safe.

ADOLF (*aside*). Safe! What the devil does he mean? Does he know who I am, or not?

BAR. Rest assured, sir, that to-morrow not a soul shall guess what has become of you.

ADOLF (*aside*). Zounds! Is he going to make away with me! The vindictive old monster! (*aloud, and withdrawing his arm from the* BARON) Stay, sir; I must request——

BAR. Hush! silence! This way.

ADOLF. No, I'll not move a step further. I am armed!

BAR. I know you are; but it's of no consequence, now you are once in here.

ADOLF (*aside*). An infernal ambush! a trap laid for me! That traitress Katryn! (*aloud*) At least, I will not yield tamely!

BAR. My dear sir, be calm. You are in no danger in this house, I pledge you my honor. I am not surprised at your excitability, after what has occurred. But pray be silent at present, for your own sake, and follow me gently.

ADOLF (*aside*). What mystery is this?

BAR. Go into this room; don't stir out till I bring you a light, and then we'll settle what's to be done. (*opens* L. *door and puts him in.*)

ADOLF (*aside*). I am bewildered quite!

BAR. I should have got a light at first; it would have saved time.

[*Exit* BARON, C. D.—KRISTINA *and* KATRYN *advance.*

KRIST. It *was* Adolf! I heard his voice!

KAT. And your uncle, then, knows all——

KRIST. Unless he has taken Adolf for the stranger, which I think he has done.

KAT. We must get the stranger out, then, directly.

KRIST. Yes, yes, immediately. Open the door softly, while I call him.

KAT. (*who has tried the door*, L.). Oh, mercy, mamselle! it's locked, and the key gone; your uncle has taken it.

KRIST. What shall we do? what shall we do? Think of something, dear Katryn. If he should be found in my room, by either my uncle or Adolf——

KAT. Ask him to be so kind as to jump out of the window.

KRIST. Oh! he'd never risk it; it's too high, and in the dark he'd break his neck or his limbs, and then all must be discovered.

KAT. Here's the Baron with a light! Run, run!

KRIST. Where? Where?

KAT. Into your own room.

KRIST. Where the man is? No, no!

KAT. Never mind the man; I'll go with you. Quick! quick! (*runs to room door*) Ah!

KRIST. What's the matter?

KAT. He's locked himself in. Sir, sir! open the door!

KRIST. Hush! here's my uncle!

Enter BARON, *with a lighted candle.*

BAR. Holloa! Who's there? (*aside*) Kristina! Katryn! Provoking!

KRIST. It's only us, uncle!

KAT. No, it's only us, sir!

BAR. Only us! only us! Why aren't you in bed, both of you?

KAT. In bed! Law, sir! Why, it's only just gone ten.

KRIST. We were thinking of it, uncle—but——

KAT. But hearing you just come in, sir, my young lady thought she'd just stop and say good-night, sir.

KRIST. Yes, that's all, uncle. (*aside*) Oh, dear! he looks as if he suspects something.

BAR. (*aside*). They look as if they suspect something. Can they have seen me enter with young Cæsar de Valkenberg? I wouldn't have had it happen for all the world!

KRIST. Wasn't the Governor at home, sir, that you came back so soon?

BAR. Yes—no—that is—I had my reasons for returning, and I don't choose to be questioned. Go to bed—good-night!

KRIST. Yes, sir, certainly. (*aside to* KATRINA) What shall I do now?

KAT. I'm at my wit's end.

BAR. Well, why the deuce don't you go, when I tell you, both of you? Do you want me to open the door for you?

KRIST. No, sir, no——

KAT. Aren't you going to bed yourself, sir?

BAR. What's that to you, hussy? Get you gone, do. What are you waiting for, eh?

KAT. A—a light, if you please, sir.

BAR. A light? Why, zounds! were you both in the dark, then?

KAT. The candle blew out with the whiff of the door, sir, just as you came in.

BAR. Well, then, there; take a light and begone.

KAT. Yes, sir—but if you please sir, you've locked the door, sir.

BAR. Oh, ay, true! so I have; well, there, then; now away with you!

KAT. (*aside to* KRISTINA). I'll run down to the garden, and call to the gentleman to unlock your door, and then jump out of the window.

BAR. What are you whispering about there? Get along with you, do! [*Exit* KATRYN, L.

KRIST. (*aside*). Now comes *my* turn.

BAR. Well, now *you* want a light, I suppose? Here, take this, and light the candles in your own room. What is the matter with the girl? Kristina, you tremble, and look pale, agitated!

KRIST. No, indeed, uncle. No—I only——

BAR. (*aside*). She is confused, very much confused; there can be no doubt she does suspect. Shall I trust her? I've a great mind; and yet, it's an awkward secret for a girl of her age. It can't be helped —I'd better trust her—I will! (*aloud*) Kristina!

KRIST. Yes, uncle!

BAR. (*aside*). No, no, I won't trust her.

Enter ADOLF, *from door*, L.

ADOLF. I can bear this no longer!

KRIST. Heavens!

BAR (*running to him*). Rash young man! What have you done?

ADOLF. It matters not—come what may, sir—let everything be explained!

BAR. It must now—concealment is no longer possible. Kristina, my love! you see this young man, his life is in danger.

KRIST. His life!

ADOLF. My life! It *is* threatened, then? but I am armed.

BAR. Armed—pshaw! So you said before; but what will your sword do against the sword of justice?

KRIST. Of justice!

BAR. If that wretched man be dead—if the blow that has avenged Louise proved fatal—as you yourself believe, I, even I, am compromised. Yes, young man, I feel that I am an accessory after the fact—my niece, here, whom you see before you, she may be accused of aiding and abetting, for we *must* trust her now; but you will be secret, Kristina, for your own sake, if not for that of this unfortunate young gentleman. The most affecting story, the most tragical event—a daughter of the house of Cortenberg de Valkenberg—you shall know all in the morning—but now, the first thing is to secure him against surprise. (*goes and locks the door again by which* KATRYN *has gone out.*)

ADOLF (*aside to* KRISTINA). Is he mad? What does he mean?

KRIST. (*aside*). I don't know; but pray don't contradict him.

BAR. Now follow me—(*to* KRISTINA) and do you go to bed. Stay! bless my soul! it quite escaped me—(*to* ADOLF) you require food, most likely, as well as rest; I see you do. Here, Kristina, go yourself down stairs, don't call Katryn—don't wake anybody—go gently, and bring us any cold meat and bread and so forth that you can find, and a bottle of wine; here are the keys; I'll unlock this door for you; no words—go, quick!

KRIST. (*aside*). How will this end? [*Exit* KRISTINA, L.

ADOLF (*aside*). I'm completely puzzled.

BAR. And now, my young friend, we'll see if we can make you comfortable for to-night, and to-morrow I will endeavor to ascertain what has become of your sister. (*seeing the* CAPTAIN'S *hat on the table*) Here, take your hat, and come with me.

ADOLF. *My* hat! I've got my hat.

BAR. Oh! I beg your pardon; I'm so bewildered. (*goes to put it on his own head, and finds his own hat is on it already*). Hey! how's this? I've got mine on; it must be your hat!

ADOLF. No; here's mine, in my hand.

BAR. Why, then, whose hat is this?

ADOLF. How can I possibly tell. You best know who is here in the house.

BAR. In the house! There's nobody whom such a hat as this—eh, zounds! now I think—Kristina's confusion—can it be possible—(*running to* KRISTINA'S *door*, R.) Fast, as I live—locked, and the key inside. Fire and fury! it must be so; sir, there's a man in this room, in my niece's room!

ADOLF. A man!

BAR. (*at the door*) Open the door, open the door!

ADOLF. Sir, sir, you cannot mean what you say; you cannot, surely, suspect—accuse your niece?

BAR. I do; I tell you, I do; there's a man hidden in her room; here's his hat, and he has locked himself in.

ADOLF. Be calm, sir, it is impossible.

BAR. Don't tell me of being calm, sir; I know it is not impossible · I know who it is, sir.

ADOLF. You do! Who, who?

BAR. A man I thought more worthy of my esteem, but who has deceived me. It is not the first time he has been here!

ADOLF. How?

BAR. I feel assured of it. I have never seen him, we have never met; but I am now convinced she has been in the habit of receiving him in my absence.

ADOLF. Impossible!

BAR. Not at all; for she loves him.

ADOLF. I tell you, it's impossible.

BAR. And I tell you, she doats upon him.

ADOLF. Perfidious creature!

BAR. Ay, so she is! Hypocritical, treacherous girl! I see, sir, you feel for me, as I have felt for you; but I will show you, sir, that the Cortenberg de Valkenbergs are not the only family that know how to prize their honor.

ADOLF. Hold, sir; I insist upon punishing this seducer.

BAR. No, I cannot consent; in your situation——

ADOLF. But I am resolved—he shall not escape.

BAR. Good young man!

ADOLF. I will have him out——

BAR. Noble young man!

ADOLF. And slay him on the spot!

BAR. Excellent young man! Well, be it so; do you guard this door; I will down into the garden, to see that he does not escape out of the window. I'll call up the servants, I'll loose the great dog. Oh! my dear young friend, little did I think you would so soon return your obligations to me. [*Exit*, C.

ADOLF. Now, sir, (*at the door*) I am alone, open the door; open the door, I say, if you are not a coward!

The CAPTAIN *opens the door and enters*, R.

'Sdeath, it *is* a man! and the very man I saw in the garden this evening. So, then, my suspicions were well founded!

CAPT. The very gentleman I expected to see. Have you bought the house, sir?

ADOLF. No fooling! You must be aware, sir, that the man who comes out of that chamber at such an hour, must account to me for his happiness or his audacity.

CAPT. I should be delighted to pay for my happiness; but I'm afraid, in this case, it would not ruin me.

ADOLF. I have no time to bandy words, sir; draw, and defend yourself.

CAPT. Certainly—one moment——

ADOLF. Where are you going?

CAPT. Only to call the uncle. (*approaching door*, L.)

ADOLF Sir, you shall answer to *me*, and not to *him!*

CAPT. With all my heart. But perhaps, when the good gentleman shall find that it was *me* whom he left in the garden, and that it was *you* whom he found there on his return; that his generous champion is the clandestine visitor of the young lady, and that I am here by his own invitation, *he* may be inclined to hear reason, if you are not.

ADOLF. Don't call, sir, don't call; if I am mistaken——

CAPT. Nay, faith, I should like to see how you'll keep up the joke; I defy you to repeat the story of Louise.

ADOLF. I beg you won't call; I have, perhaps, been too hasty. I have heard some fragments of a strange story of a sister dishonored, a person being wounded or killed——

CAPT. Exactly! I am the brother and the avenger.

ADOLF. And you did not come here, then, to see Kristina?

CAPT. Certainly not!

ADOLF. In that case, sir, I—(*stopping suddenly*) But now I remember what you told me this afternoon in the garden, and am I not justified in suspecting that this story of yours is a pure invention?

CAPT. You are; and so it is, from beginning to end.

ADOLF. Ha! Then how can I believe your assurance respecting Kristina?

CAPT. Nay, if you doubt *that*, I *must* call the uncle.

ADOLF. No, no! I will believe—I am too anxious to believe! But what's to be done? we have, unintentionally, exchanged characters.

CAPT. Well, we must change back again.

ADOLF. Not for the world—at present. Oblige me by playing out the last one you have appeared in, to the end.

CAPT. How do you mean?

ADOLF. The Baron, it seems, takes you for me; do not undeceive him.

CAPT. But suffer myself to be turned out of the house instead of you?

ADOLF. Precisely!

CAPT. Well, anything to be agreeable. I believe, by this time, I may walk home in safety. I think you will own I am a very accommodating person; just as you called me out of that room I was on the point of jumping out of the window in order to oblige the lady's maid, who was making signals of distress to me from the garden; but having risked my neck from the second floor of a house once before this evening, I preferred availing myself of your polite invitation.

ADOLF. You give me your honor, then, sir?

CAPT. I do, to continue your representative; it is a much easier task, I fancy, than you have undertaken. You must continue the romance of Louise de Valkenberg de Cortenberg—hang me if I can help you out there for I have almost forgotten what I had invented already.

Enter the BARON *with a pistol, followed by* GARDENER *and* SERVANT, *armed.*

BAR. Ha! there he is.

CAPT. (*aside to* ADOLF). Who is this gentleman?

ADOLF. The uncle, Baron Vanderpotter.

CAPT. Oh! (*bows to him very politely.*)

BAR. He bows to me; impudence unparalelled! (*aside to* ADOLF) You have not fought?

ADOLF. No—I——

BAR. I am glad of it. Leave us, my dear friend, for a few minutes; don't be alarmed, I mean no violence; I have made up my mind. (*to* SERVANTS) Retire till I call you. [SERVANTS *retire.*

Enter KRISTINA, *with wine, etc.*

KRIST. Here's the wine and—(*seeing the* CAPTAIN) Ah!

CAPT. (*seeing she is about to let the things fall*). Permit me, mamselle!

BAR. (*angrily*). Sir!

CAPT. Sir! did you not see the young lady was so agitated? she had nearly dropped the salver, with everything upon it.

BAR. What's that to you, sir? (*to* ADOLF) Leave us, my good friend. (*to* KRISTINA) Kristina, stay you there.

ADOLF (*aside to* KRISTINA). Don't speak a word; be dumb, whatever is said to you or we are lost! [*Exit,* L.

BAR. Unworthy girl, well may you tremble! Look upon your partner in iniquity, who awaits with equal agitation, the sentence that—(*turns and sees the* CAPTAIN, *who is dipping a biscuit in a glass of wine*) What the devil are you about, sir?

CAPT. Listening to you, sir, with the greatest respect.

BAR. Sir! Do you know that, in the first transports of my fury, I had determined to kill you?

CAPT. Indeed!

BAR. I have renounced that intention.

CAPT. You have done very right.

BAR. Yes, happily for you, I have had time to reflect, and to feel that the honor of my family would not be satisfied by so barren a vengeance. Sir, you *shall* marry my niece.

CAPT. The deuce I shall! (*aside*) Here's a new incident.

KRIST. And I must not say a word!

BAR. Do not hope, however, that I shall forgive either of you. No, as long as I live, I never will. But the man who has been surprised in her chamber cannot refuse to make that reparation. Sir, you *shall* marry her!

CAPT. Permit me one moment——

BAR. Sir, consent to marry her instantly, or I'll blow your brains out.

CAPT. My dear sir, under such circumstances, I couldn't hesitate for a moment.

BAR. Enough! You hear Kristina——

CAPT. (*aside*). She hears—yes, and egad, she doesn't say no.

BAR. You shall be married to-morrow morning—no feasting—no friends—privately and suddenly—and the moment the ceremony is over you shall quit this house, never to enter it more.

CAPT. Together, of course——

BAR. Of course!

CAPT. (*aside*). And she doesn't say no. (*aloud*) Sir, I am delighted with this arrangement; but I should like to hear what the young lady has to say on the subject.

BAR. Sir, she has nothing to say—my will is law—she has but to obey in silence. (*retires up.*)

CAPT. (*aside*). And, egad, she seems inclined to do so. Well, this is the most whimsical affair—but it isn't my fault—the young gentleman himself requested—the uncle insists—and the lady does not say "no!" Faith, she's a very lovely person—I don't know that I could do better. (*aloud*) Mamselle, may I flatter myself that this is not a dream—that your silence is really a proof that this decision of your excellent uncle is not displeasing to you?

KRIST. Sir! (*aside*) I don't know what to do. He conjured me to be dumb, whatever was said!

CAPT. (*aside*). She will not say "no." Nay, 'faith, then, here goes. (*aloud*) Beautiful Kristina! at your feet I swear to you——

KRIST Sir!

BAR. Enough! enough!

CAPT. No, sir, not half enough—in the relation we now stand to each other—upon this white hand I seal the bond of mutual, of eternal affection.

Enter ADOLF, *hastily*, L. D. F., *and down*, L.

ADOLF. How's this? At her feet—what are you doing?

CAPT. (*aside*). Following your instructions to the letter!

BAR. (*to* ADOLF). How can you be so imprudent—in your situation? (*to* CAPTAIN) Sir, this gentleman is a friend of mine, who is, no doubt, surprised at my weakness in thus giving you my niece.

ADOLF Giving him your niece?

BAR. Yes, my friend, yes! Oh, I know what you will say—I know that in my place you would have acted differently, but——

ADOLF. And he accepts her?

BAR. Of course. If he had dared to refuse, I——(*showing pistol.*)

ADOLF. And you—you, mamselle, have not protested——

KRIST. (*aside*). You told me not to say a word.

ADOLF. This is downright treason. Sir, I will not suffer——

BAR. But my good friend—my dear friend——

ADOLF. Baron, you are imposed upon—I will bear this no longer—you do not know to whom you are giving your niece—I am Adolf de Courtray.

BAR. Eh!

CAPT. (*aside*). Ah! Adolf de Courtray! so, so—(*pulling a dispatch hastily out of his pocket and glancing over it.*)

ADOLF. Yes, Adolf de Courtray, lieutenant in the second regiment of Walloon Guards.

CAPT. (*aside*). Exactly so!

ADOLF. Absent, without leave, from his quarters at Louvain.

CAPT. (*aside*). Exactly so!

ADOLF. And who has risked the loss of his commission—who runs the chance of being arrested this moment——

CAPT. (*aside*). Exactly so! (*putting up paper.*)

ADOLF. For the love he bears this lady.

BAR. How—what—you are not Cæsar de Valkenberg de——

ADOLF. No, sir, no! I am not the person you found in your garden—nor is there any truth in the story you have been told.

BAR. Fiends and fury! have I passed a whole night in sympathizing with a family that had no existence? (*to* ADOLF) Sir—(*to* CAPTAIN) sir, I will have satisfaction. I will have an explanation. Who are you, sir?

CAPT. The unhappy brother of the ill-fated Louise de——

BAR. Sir, you shall repent this usage, whoever you are. (*goes to* C. D.) Hullo! Pierre! Louis! Run! call the watch—raise the neighborhood!

CAPT. By all means. (*aside*) Now I have good reason for being here, it doesn't signify.

BAR. If you attempt to escape I'll fire!

CAPT. Oh, you needn't be alarmed, sir. (*seats himself.*)

BAR. Was there ever such assurance? (*to* ADOLF) As for you, sir, quit this house, and never let me see you more.

ADOLF. Oh, sir, you need not have given me that injunction; I feel that I too have been imposed upon—that I too have been grossly deceived; but I will first know by whom—I will first see that impostor unmasked, and then——

KRIST. Indeed, Adolf!

Enter KATRYN, *hastily.*

KAT. Oh, sir! oh, mamselle! we're all ruined—here's the city watch—the soldiers—all the neighborhood——

BAR. Aha! Now, sir, now—(*to* CAPTAIN.)

Enter an OFFICER OF THE WATCH, *with* GUARD.

OFFICER. What is the matter?

BAR. There he is, sir—that's the man.

OFFICER (*going up to* CAPTAIN, *recognizing and saluting him*). Who am I to arrest, sir?

BAR. (*in great astonishment*). Eh?

CAPT. (*pointing to* ADOLF). That gentleman!

ADOLF. Me!

KRIST. Oh, Adolf!

CAPT. "Adolf de Courtray, Lieutenant in the 2d regiment of Walloon Guards, absent, without leave, from his quarters at Louvain." (*passing over to him*) You cannot be surprised, sir—you expected as much—there, you perceive, are my orders. (*handing him the dispatch.*)

ADOLF (*reading*). "To the Captain of the Watch."

CAPT. Which I have the honor to be.

BAR.
KRIST. } The Captain of the Watch!
KAT.

KAT. (*aside*). Well, for the head of the police, he certainly has the most extraordinary manners.

BAR. I am positively thunderstruck! How, sir! a public officer, appointed especially to watch over the morals of a great city—to be surprised in a situation——

CAPT. Wherein he had placed himself in order to prevent a clandestine meeting, and to arrest the principal offender.

BAR. Eh! nay—certainly—if it was with that intention.

CAPT. Harkye, Baron: when the head of a family is unmindful of what is passing in his own house, it is the business of a paternal government to act for him, and a hard task it has to execute. See, sir, here is an official report (*taking it from* OFFICER) of every misdemeanor which has occurred this night in Brussels. (*handing it to him. Aside*) My own adventure is, no doubt, in the list.

BAR. (*aside*). What's this? (*reads aloud*) "About ten o'clock last night a man was seen to descend from the balcony of the second floor window of the house of the Marchioness de——"

CAPT. Hush! don't mention names. (*aside*) There's my adventure, sure enough.

BAR. Can I believe my eyes? (*forgetting himself*) The traitress!

CAPT. Eh! (*aside*). As I live, my rival! Excellent! (*taking the paper from him*) That's enough; you see with what vigilance——

BAR. (*furiously*). A man! from the second floor window!

CAPT. Hush! don't betray yourself; you know very well who it was.

BAR. (*confused*). I!

CAPT. Of course—it was you!

BAR. No such thing! I came out at the door.

CAPT. Indeed! Oh, we'll alter it then in the report, and put your name in, as you have confessed.

BAR. 'Sdeath! No—I—confound it!

CAPT. Just as you please. It shall stand as it is, provided you consent cheerfully to the marriage of that young gentleman with your niece.

BAR. Never, sir, never! I——

CAPT. Then I *must* correct the report; my duty as Custos Morum——

BAR. Stop, stop! I'll—I'll think of it.

CAPT. I felt assured you would. (*to* KRISTINA) Mamselle, I have the pleasure to inform you that I have persuaded your worthy uncle to give his consent to your marriage with Lieutenant Adolf de Courtray!

ADOLF. Is it possible?

KRIST. Oh, sir!

BAR. But—But——

CAPT. But he is arrested, you would say—so he is, but I will take his word of honor not to quit this house (*motions men off*) without my permission; and in the meanwhile, I have some influence with his colonel, which I will gladly exercise in his behalf.

ADOLF. Generous man!

KAT. Oh, if all the police were like him!

BAR. Still I must say——

CAPT. Nothing, unless you wish me to alter the report. Be satisfied the Marchioness doats upon you; I have means of ascertaining, and should she ever dream of proving false to you—I shall be at her elbow.

BAR. My dear sir, I may confide, then, in your vigilance?

CAPT. You may. (*aloud*) And I trust the adventures of this evening, Baron, will induce you, as well as others, to rest perfectly satisfied with the good intentions, at any rate, of THE CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH.

CURTAIN.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

☞ The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the Audience.

No.		M.	F.
144.	Lancashire Lass, melodrama, 5 acts.	12	3
34.	Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 1 act..	3	2
137.	L'Article 47, drama, 3 acts	11	5
111.	Liar (The), comedy, 2 acts	7	2
119.	Life Chase, drama, 5 acts	14	5
165.	Living Statue (The), farce, 1 act	3	2
48.	Little Annie's Birthday, farce, 1 act.	2	4
32.	Little Rebel, farce, 1 act	4	3
164.	Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts	6	6
109.	Locked In, comedietta, 1 act	2	2
85.	Locked In with a Lady, sketch, 1 act.	1	1
87.	Locked Out, comic scene	1	2
143.	Lodgers and Dodgers, farce, 1 act..	4	2
189.	Leap Year, musical duality, 1 act...	1	1
163.	Marcoretti, drama, 3 acts	10	3
154.	Maria and Magdalena, play, 4 acts .	8	6
63.	Marriage at Any Price, farce, 1 act.	5	3
39.	Master Jones' Birthday, farce, 1 act.	4	2
7.	Maud's Peril, drama, 4 acts	5	3
49.	Midnight Watch, drama, 1 act	8	2
15.	Milky White, drama, 2 acts	4	2
46.	Miriam's Crime, drama, 3 acts	5	2
51.	Model of a Wife, farce, 1 act	3	2
184.	Money, comedy, 5 acts	17	3
108.	Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act	3	3
188.	Mr. X., farce, 1 act	3	3
169.	My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act	4	1
130.	My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act	3	1
92.	My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act	2	2
193.	My Walking Photograph, musical duality, 1 act	1	1
140.	Never Reckon Your Chickens, etc., farce, 1 act	3	4
115.	New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3	8	5
2.	Nobody's Child, drama, 3 acts	8	3
57.	Noemie, drama, 2 acts	4	4
104.	No Name, drama, 5 acts	7	5
112.	Not a Bit Jealous, farce, 1 act	3	3
185.	Not So Bad as We Seem, play, 5 acts.	14	3
84.	Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts	10	6
117.	Not Such a Fool as He Looks, drama, 3 acts	5	4
171.	Nothing Like Paste, farce, 1 act	3	1
14.	No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts and prologue	13	6
173.	Off the Stage, comedietta, 1 act	3	3
176.	On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act..	1	2
90.	Only a Halfpenny, farce, 1 act	2	2
170.	Only Somebody, farce, 1 act	4	2
33.	One too Many for Him, farce, 1 act.	2	3
3.	£100,000, comedy, 3 acts	8	4
97.	Orange Blossoms, comedietta, 1 act.	3	3
66.	Orange Girl, drama, in prologue and 3 acts	18	4
172.	Ours, comedy, 3 acts	6	3
94.	Our Clerks, farce, 1 act	7	5
45.	Our Domestics, comedy farce, 2 acts	6	6
155.	Our Heroes, military play, 5 acts	24	5
178.	Out at Sea, drama in prologue and 4 acts	16	5
147.	Overland Route, comedy, 3 acts	11	5
56.	Peace at Any Price, farce, 1 act	1	1
82.	Peep o' Day, drama, 4 acts	12	4
127.	Peggy Green, farce, 1 act	3	10
23.	Petticoat Parliament, extravaganza, in one act	15	24
62.	Photographic Fix, farce, 1 act	3	2
61.	Plot and Passion, drama, 3 acts	7	2
138.	Poll and Partner Joe, burlesque, 1 act	10	3
110.	Poppleton's Predicaments, farce, 1	3	6
50.	Porter's Knot, drama, 2 acts	8	2
59.	Post Boy, drama, 2 acts	5	3
95.	Pretty Horse-Breaker, farce, 1 act..	3	10
181 and 182.	Queen Mary, drama, 4 acts.	38	8
157.	Quite at Home, comedietta, 1 act...	5	2
196.	Queerest Courtship (The), comic operetta, 1 act	1	1
132.	Race for a Dinner, farce, 1 act	10	
183.	Richelieu, play, 5 acts	16	2
38.	Rightful Heir, drama, 5 acts	10	2
77.	Roll of the Drum, drama, 3 acts	8	4
13.	Ruy Blas, drama, 4 acts	12	4
194.	Rum, drama, 3 acts	7	4
195.	Rosemi Shell, travesty, 1 act, 4 scenes	6	3
158.	School, comedy, 4 acts	6	6
79.	Sheep in Wolf's Clothing, drama, 1	7	5
37.	Silent Protector, farce, 1 act	3	2
35.	Silent Woman, farce, 1 act	2	1
43.	Sisterly Service, comedietta, 1 act..	7	2
6.	Six Months Ago, comedietta, 1 act.	2	1
10.	Snapping Turtles, duologue, 1 act..	1	1
26.	Society, comedy, 3 acts	16	5
78.	Special Performances, farce, 1 act..	7	3
31.	Taming a Tiger, farce, 1 act	3	
150.	Tell-Tale Heart, comedietta, 1 act	1	2
120.	Tempest in a Teapot, comedy, 1 act.	2	1
146.	There's no Smoke Without Fire, comedietta, 1 act	1	2
83.	Thrice Married, personation piece, 1 act	6	1
42.	Time and the Hour, drama, 3 acts..	7	3
27.	Time and Tide, drama, 3 acts and prologue	7	5
133.	Timothy to the Rescue, farce, 1 act.	4	2
153.	'Tis Better to Live than to Die, farce, 1 act	2	1
134.	Tompkins the Troubadour, farce, 1	3	2
29.	Turning the Tables, farce, 1 act	5	3
168.	Tweedie's Rights, comedy, 2 acts..	4	2
126.	Twice Killed, farce, 1 act	6	3
56.	Two Gay Deceivers, farce, 1 act	3	
123.	Two Polts, farce, 1 act	4	4
198.	Twin Sisters (The), comic operetta, 1 act	3	1
162.	Uncle's Will, comedietta, 1 act	2	1
106.	Up for the Cattle Show, farce, 1 act.	6	2
81.	Vandyke Brown, farce, 1 act	3	3
124.	Volunteer Review, farce, 1 act	6	6
91.	Walpole, comedy, 3 acts.	7	2
118.	Wanted, a Young Lady, farce, 1 act.	3	
44.	War to the Knife, comedy, 3 acts	5	4
105.	Which of the Two? comedietta, 1 act	2	10
98.	Who is Who? farce, 1 act	3	2
12.	Widow Hunt, comedy, 3 acts	4	4
5.	William Tell with a Vengeance, burlesque	8	2
136.	Woman in Red, drama, 3 acts and prologue	6	
161.	Woman's Vows and Mason's Oaths, 4 acts	10	4
11.	Woodcock's Little Game, farce, 2	4	4
54.	Young Collegian (Cantab.), farce, 1	3	3

A COMPLETE DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE of DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS AND DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMAS, containing Plot, Costume, Scenery, Time of Representation and every other information, mailed free and post paid. Address,

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 528 348 6

DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN &

Nothing so thorough and complete in the way of Eth... Dramas has ever been printed as those that appear in the following list. Not only are the plots excellent, the characters droll, the incidents funny, the language humorous, but all the situations, by-play, positions, pantomimic business, scenery and tricks are so plainly set down, and clearly explained, that the merest novice could put any of them on the stage. Included in this catalogue are all the most laughable and effective pieces of their class ever produced.

*** *In ordering, please copy the figures at the commencement of each play, which indicate the number of the piece in* "De Witt's Ethiopian and Comic Drama."

☞ *Any of the following Plays sent, postage free, on receipt of price*—**15 Cents Each.**

Address, ROBERT M. DE WITT,

No. 33 Rose Street, New York.

☞ The figure following the name of the Play denotes the number of Scenes. The figures in the columns indicate the number of characters.—M. *male;* F. *female.*

*** Female characters are generally assumed by males in these plays.

No.		M.	F.
73.	African Box, burlesque, 2 scenes...	5	
6.	Black Chap from Whitechapel, 1 s.	4	
10.	Black Chemist, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
11.	Black Ey'd William, 2 scenes.....	4	1
24.	Bruised and Cured, sketch, 1 scene.	2	
40.	Big Mistake, sketch, 1 scene.....	4	
42.	Bad Whiskey, sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1
43.	Baby Elephant, sketch, 2 scenes...	7	1
78.	Bogus Indian, sketch, 4 scenes.....	5	2
79.	Barney's Courtship, Irish, 1 scene.	1	1
89.	Bogus Talking Machine, Dutch	4	
35.	Coal Heavers' Revenge, 1 scene..	6	
41.	Cremation, sketch, 2 scenes.....	8	1
12.	Daguerreotypes, sketch, 1 scene....	3	
50.	Draft (The), sketch, 1 act, 2 scenes.	6	
53.	Damon and Pythias, 2 scenes.....	5	1
63.	Darkey's Stratagem, sketch, 1 act..	3	1
64.	Dutchman's Ghost, sketch, 1 scene.	4	1
95.	Dutch Justice, sketch, 1 scene.....11		
4.	Eh? What is it? sketch, 1 scene...	4	1
52.	Excise Trials, sketch, 1 scene.....10		1
67.	Editor's Troubles, farce, in 1 scene..	6	
98.	Elopement (The), farce, 2 scenes...	4	1
25.	Fellow That Looks Like Me, 1 s....	2	1
51.	Fisherman's Luck, sketch, 1 scene.	2	
88.	First Night, Dutch sketch, 4 scenes	4	2
17.	Ghost (The), sketch, 1 scene.....	2	
31.	Glycerine Oil, sketch, 2 scenes.....	3	
20.	Going for the Cup, interlude, 1 scene	4	
58.	Ghost in a Pawnshop, 1 scene.....	4	
70.	Guide to the Stage, sketch, 1 scene.	3	
77.	Getting Square on Call Boy, 1 scene	3	
82.	Good Night's Rest, sketch, 1 scene	3	
83.	German Emigrant, sketch, 1 scene.	3	1
86.	Gripsack, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
3.	Hemmed In, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	1
23.	Hard Times, extravaganza, 1 scene.	5	1
48.	High Jack, the Heeler, 1 scene..	6	
61.	Happy Couple, sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1
68.	Hippotheatron, sketch, 1 scene.....	9	
71.	In and Out, sketch, 1 scene.....	2	
33.	Jealous Husband, sketch, 1 scene	2	1
94.	Julius the Snoozer, 3 scenes.....	7	
1.	Last of the Mohicans, 1 scene....	3	1
18.	Live Injun, sketch, 4 scenes.....	4	1
36.	Laughing Gas, sketch, 1 scene.....	6	1
37.	Lucky Job, farce, 2 scenes.....	3	2
60.	Lost Will, sketch, 1 scene.....	4	
90.	Lunatic (The), sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
8.	Mutton Trial, sketch, 2 scenes.....	4	
19.	Malicious Trespass, sketch, 1 scene.	3	
44.	Musical Servant, sketch, 1 scene...	3	
96.	Midnight Intruder (The), 1 scene..	6	1
101.	Molly Moriarty, Irish, 1 scene.....	1	1
49.	Night in a Strange Hotel, 1 scene....	2	
22.	Obeying Orders, sketch, 1 scene...	2	1
27.	100th Night of Hamlet, 1 scene.....	7	1
30.	One Night in a Bar Room, 1 scene	7	
76.	One, Two, Three, sketch, 1 scene..	7	
9.	Policy Players, sketch, 1 scene.....	7	
57.	Pompey's Patients, 2 scenes.....	6	
65.	Porter's Troubles, sketch, 1 scene..	6	1
66.	Port Wine vs. Jealousy, 1 scene..	2	1
87.	Pete the Peddlar, sketch, 1 scene..	2	1
91.	Painter's Apprentice (The), 1 scene	5	
92.	Polar Bear (The,) farce, 1 scene....	5	
14.	Recruiting Office, sketch, 2 scenes.	5	
26.	Rival Tenants, sketch, 1 scene.....	4	
45.	Remittance from Home, 1 scene...	6	
55.	Rigging a Purchase, 1 scene.....	2	
81.	Rival Artists, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
7.	Stupid Servant, sketch, 1 scene....	2	
13.	Streets of New York, sketch, 1 scene	6	
15.	Sam's Courtship, farce, 1 scene	2	1
80.	Scenes on the Mississippi, 2 scenes.	6	
84.	Serenade (The), sketch, 2 scenes...	7	
21.	Scampini, pantomime, 2 scenes....	6	3
16.	Storming the Fort, sketch, 1 scene.	5	
38.	Siamese Twins, sketch, 2 scenes...	5	
46.	Slippery Day, sketch, 1 scene.....	6	1
56.	Stage Struck Couple (The), 1 scene.	2	1
59.	Sausage Makers (The), sketch, 2 s..	5	1
69.	Squire for a Day, sketch, 1 scene...	5	1
72.	Stranger (The), sketch, 1 scene...	1	1
74.	SleepWalker (The), sketch, 2 scenes	3	
100.	Three Chiefs (The), sketch, 2 scenes	6	
102.	Three, A. M., sketch, 1 scene.....	3	1
5.	Two Black Roses (The), sketch....	4	1
2.	Tricks, sketch, 2 scenes.....	5	2
34.	Three Strings to One Bow, 1 scene.	4	1
47.	Take It, Don't Take It, sketch, 1 s.	2	
54.	Them Papers, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
28.	Uncle Eph's Dream, sketch, 2 s ...	3	1
62.	Vinegar Bitters, sketch, one scene.	6	1
29.	Who Died First, sketch. 1 scene...	3	1
32.	Wake up, William Henry, 1 scene..	3	
39.	Wanted, a Nurse, sketch, 1 scene..	5	
75.	Weston the Walkist, Dutch 1 scene	7	1
93.	What Shall I Take? sketch, 2 scenes	8	1
97.	Who's the Actor? farce, 1 scene...	4	
99.	Wrong Woman in the Right Place	3	1
85.	Young Scamp (The), sketch, 1 scene	3	

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 528 348 6

Hollinger Corp.